

A Song in the first part of DON QUIXOTE, set to Musick by M^r Henry Purcell, Sung by M^r Bowman & exactly engrav'd by T. Cross.

Let the dreadfull Engines of eternall will, the Thun ... der

Ro ... ar and crook ... ed Light'ning kill. My rage is hot, is hot, is hot ... as

ther as fa ... tall too, and dares as horrid, and dares as horrid, horrid, ex ... =

sution do. Or let the Frozen North its ran ... cour show

with his my Breast far, far, grea ... ter Tem pest grow; Dispaures more tollan

so ... ld than al ... l the winds can blow. can nothing, can nothing

to arm me; can nothing, can nothing warm me; yes, yes, yes, yes Lucinda's eyes; yes, yes

yes, yes, yes, yes Lucinda's eyes; yes, yes, yes, yes, yes Lucinda's eyes; there, there, there,

there, there Etna there, there, there, there Vesuvio Lies, to furnish Hell with flames, that

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there Sang the Nightingale, and Lark, around us all was sweet and gay, we neer grew sad till it grew
dark, nor nothing fear'd but short'ning day. I glow, I glow, I glow but tis with hate,
Why must I burn, why must I burn, why, why must I burn for this ingrate, why, why must I burn for this ingrate,
Cool, cool it then, cool it then, and raile, Since nothing, nothing will prevaile, when a
woman love pretends, tis but till she gains her ends, and for better, and for worse, is for marrow of the purse,
where she sits you ore and ore, proves a Slattern or a Whore, this hour will teize, will teize and vex, will
teize, will teize and vex, and will Cuckold you the next, they were all contriv'd in Spight, to torment us, not delight,
but to Scold, to scold, to Scratch, and bite, and not one of them prove right, but all, all are witches by this light;
And so I fairly bid em, and the world good night, good night, good night, good night, good night, good night.

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